

VOLUME XCV

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THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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The *Yankee's* Wander-world

With 12 Illustrations and Map
43 Natural Color Photographs

IRVING AND ELECTA JOHNSON

Shrines of Each Patriot's Devotion

With 27 Illustrations

FREDERICK G. VOSBURGH

Wildlife of Everglades National Park

With 8 Illustrations and Map
24 Paintings

DANIEL B. BEARD
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With Uncle Sam and John Bull in Germany

With 24 Illustrations

FREDERICK SIMPICH

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To carry out the purposes for which it was founded sixty-one years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine monthly. All receipts are invested in The Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

Articles and photographs are desired. For material The Magazine uses, generous remuneration is made.

In addition to the editorial and photographic surveys constantly being made, The Society has sponsored more than 100 scientific expeditions, some of which required years of field work to achieve their objectives.

The Society's notable expeditions have pushed back the historic horizons of the southwestern United States to a period nearly eight centuries before Columbus crossed the Atlantic. By dating the ruins of the vast communal dwellings in that region, The Society's researches solved secrets that had puzzled historians for three hundred years.

In Mexico, The Society and the Smithsonian Institution, January 16, 1930, discovered the oldest work of man in the Americas for which we have a date. This slab of stone is engraved in Mayan characters with a date which means November 4, 291 B. C. (Spinden Correlation). It antedates by 200 years anything heretofore dated in America, and reveals a great center of early American culture, previously unknown.

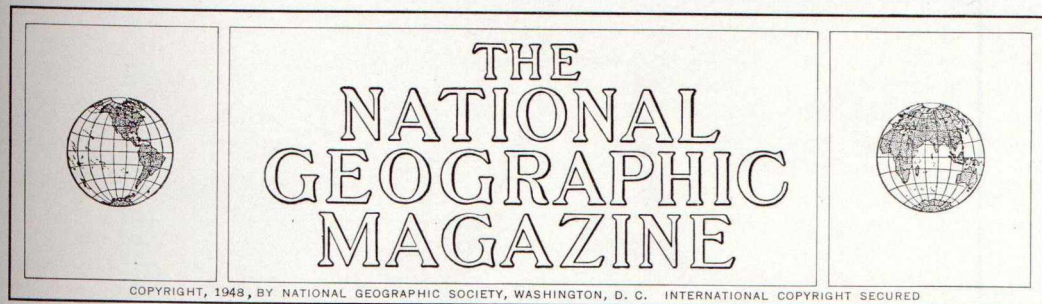
On November 11, 1935, in a flight sponsored jointly by the National Geographic Society and the U. S. Army Air Corps, the world's largest balloon, *Explorer II*, ascended to the world altitude record of 72,395 feet. Capt. Albert W. Stevens and Capt. Orvil A. Anderson took aloft in the gondola nearly a ton of scientific instruments, and obtained results of extraordinary value.

The National Geographic Society-U. S. Army Air Forces Expedition, from a camp in southern Brazil, photographed and observed the solar eclipse of 1947. This was the seventh expedition of The Society to observe a total eclipse of the sun.

The Society cooperated with Dr. William Beebe in deep-sea explorations off Bermuda, during which a world record depth of 3,028 feet was attained.

The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$75,000 was given by individual members, to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees in the Giant Forest of Sequoia National Park of California were thereby saved for the American people.

One of the world's largest icefields and glacial systems outside the polar regions was discovered in Alaska and Yukon by Bradford Washburn while exploring for The Society and the Harvard Institute of Exploration, 1938.



The *Yankee's* Wander-world

BY IRVING AND ELECTA JOHNSON

AS WE write this yarn, the brigantine *Yankee* is halfway across the Pacific on our fourth world cruise, our first since the war.

Though voyaging is our life's work, we Johnsons have not grown so blasé we cannot get a thrill out of each charming island revisited. Old friends greet us in almost every port.

Our amateur crew of Magellans, boys and girls, are making their first circumnavigation. The brigantine *Yankee*, too, is on her maiden world voyage. She is the namesake of the schooner *Yankee*, our home for eight years, and veteran of three global trips.*

How We Found the New *Yankee*

She was shown to us one summer day in 1946 in England. First glance was a conquer; she was the only sailing ship for us. No other we saw combined such comfort, dryness, and size (96 feet long), the qualities we needed most. German-built, she was a British war prize. Like her predecessor, she had been a North Sea pilot boat, the *Duknen*, a name we changed to *Yankee*.

To outfit her as a brigantine, we chose the J. W. & A. Upham shipyard, sprawling in utter confusion along the water front in the little fishing port of Brixham, Devonshire (page 5). This firm had been in the same family for 150 years. The yard itself, so old that nobody seemed to know when it started, served Brixham when its trawler fleet counted more than 500 sail.

Brixham's shipwrights did their tasks in the old-style way. In their toolboxes we saw many a wooden handle shaped to its owner's grip by a lifetime of toil. So sharp and balanced were the adzes that the old spar makers, we guessed, could have shaved with them.

To buy the gear needed by *Yankee*, we returned to our home in Massachusetts. Laying out her brigantine sail plan, we placed an order with our Gloucester sailmaker. Throughout the winter we shopped for such things as Diesel engines, generators, propellers, paint, rope and wire, dishes, curtains, mattress covers, and clothespins.

Old Codgers Love "t' Yank"

With spring, we returned to Brixham. *Yankee*, her deck a-litter, lay alongside the old stone quay. During the winter her steel hull had been chipped and her insides insulated with ten tons of rock wool. Everyone went to work building living quarters.

More than hands worked; the men put their hearts into the job seven days a week. They developed an affection for "t' Yank" which we appreciated. Their broad Devon accents rang through the ship. These old codgers, far from thinking the owner a nuisance, welcomed his advice. They vastly preferred his chalk marks to blueprints.

Now came the day when *Yankee* was towed from the town quay to a bathtublike tidal dry dock into which she barely squeezed. Within a few hours her masts were stepped.

Riggers went to work on the standing rigging. So great was sail's decline, however, that we could find no extra hands for 50 miles around to rig the ratlines, rope rungs in the shrouds which sailors use for going aloft.

However, Ed Kendrick, Cy Merrill, Larry Coachman, Gibby Grosvenor, and others, the first of our amateur crew, had come from the United States to help sail the *Yankee* home.

* See "Westward Bound in the *Yankee*," by Irving and Electa Johnson, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, January, 1942.



Gilbert Melville Grosvenor

On a Calm Atlantic a Crewman Rowed Ahead and Pictured *Yankee* in Full Dress

The brigantine has a wardrobe of 15 sails but, like a modest lady with her jewels, never wears all at once. Here a nylon stunsail billows out (upper left). When a second stunsail is used, it is set directly below the upper one (page 12). Skipper Johnson, devising these sails from old paintings, decided the artists' balanced spread of canvas was as impractical as it was beautiful. Stunsails spread to leeward, he found, were blanketed by the other sails and would not draw well.

They were not too sure how to "rattle down," as square-rigger sailors called rigging ratlines. An English yachting friend, thumbing through a seaman's manual, learned they should be seized to the shrouds 14 inches apart. Having come to the rescue, he led the young Americans in a rigging race to the top of the mast.

Ship Gets Stuck in Tiny Dry Dock

More heavy fittings arrived. We had just dumped 2½ tons of batteries on the forward deck when word came that we had to leave dry dock on the next tide or be locked in two

weeks more. High tide flooded the dock, but *Yankee*, loaded now, remained stuck on the blocks, her stern alone barely floating.

"Rush the batteries aft!" we shouted. In a twinkling the crew changed the ship's center of balance. She floated out, a fraction of an inch to spare. Towed into Brixham harbor, she let go her 900-pound German anchor.

Residents and tourists alike gathered to see us install the 800-pound deep freeze and food.

Now the ship, all white except a bright red boot top, looked grand. Clipper bow, white masts, and varnished yards gleamed.

Retired skippers of the fastest Brixham trawlers came aboard to pass judgment. We beamed when they pronounced, "She'll take a heap of drivin' . . ." "Her'll go; ain't nothin' to stop her."

And go she did. At midnight she put out into the foggy darkness. The English Channel was kind; we had two mild nights and one sunny day to shake out the kinks in the running rigging and the stretch in the shrouds.

In France we tied up in the shadow of St. Malo's medieval walls.* At first glance the city looked like a fairy-tale illustration. A closer look showed war's grim ruins.

More than a week of rain, head winds, and calms slowed our progress to the Azores. We had no real gale, but the sea was against us; as we drove into it, *Yankee* pitched and heeled for the first time. Oilskins were needed on watch. Things not properly stowed flew out of windward bunks. New sailors learned to hang on even in their sleep; and few customers appeared at the swinging mess table (page 11).

"They ought to make square peas for weather like this," said Merrill, watching the little green spheres roll around his plate.

The whole 1,400 miles to the Azores was not like that. We sailed into better weather with wind a little abaft the beam and a warm sun tanning our skin. The boys had a chance to paint the bulwarks red, practice sun sights, and cut each other's hair on deck.

Coming from England and France, we were charmed by the Azores' unspoiled simplicity and their remoteness from war's effects.† Country roads we found bordered with fields of blue hydrangeas, all growing wild. Horse carriages easily outnumbered automobiles. We encountered one donkey seemingly uttering porcine squeals; actually these came from two pigs carried in covered baskets.

Yankee Wears Her Stylish Nylons

To Bermuda we had ideal stunsail weather.

When the skipper planned the brigantine rig to include three square yards on the foremast, he couldn't resist adding stunsails (short for studding sails), though he had never seen one except in pictures. These sails make the great spread of canvas in the old paintings, almost doubling the width of the square sails (pages 2 and 12).

Tea clippers of the 1850's and '60's, grandest ocean racers of all time, were the real stunsail carriers. Some years clippers left China on the same tide and the fleetest finished in the Thames within hours of one another.

Ordinary sail could not win a race like that; and so, despite the cloud of canvas they already carried, the clippers reached higher

with moonsails, skysails, angels' whispers, Jimmy Greens, and even a trust-in-God set above a moonsail. To reach wider for the breeze, the clippers added stunsails.

No clipper, however, ever matched *Yankee's* stunsails—hers were of nylon.

Now, having just the right little breeze aft with a smooth sea, we decided to try our wings.

We set one stunsail to windward, the other to leeward, but could scarcely keep both full. Then we rigged a small spar out from the bulwarks and set the second sail below the first, both to windward. In that way they went to work in earnest. Our lovely decorations could pull as well as look pretty.

We set the big ballooner, too, and then *Yankee* had everything we could hang on her—7,775 square feet of sail, all of it full and drawing.

Brigantine Wins Ordeal by Storm

Four thousand miles of easy sailing across the Atlantic left the crew praying for a foul blow to test the ship.

No storm appeared until we entered Cape Cod Canal. There the brigantine was sailing as if she knew the way when the squall struck. *Yankee* lay over on her beam ends till her foreyard chased spectators off a dock.

Near-by Boston Airport's anemometer registered one 116-mile-an-hour gust; so we knew our ship could stand a bit of breeze.

Yankee eased gently into Gloucester, her new home. There we spent two months fitting out, adding diving equipment, outboard motors, and supplies for friends on lonely islands.

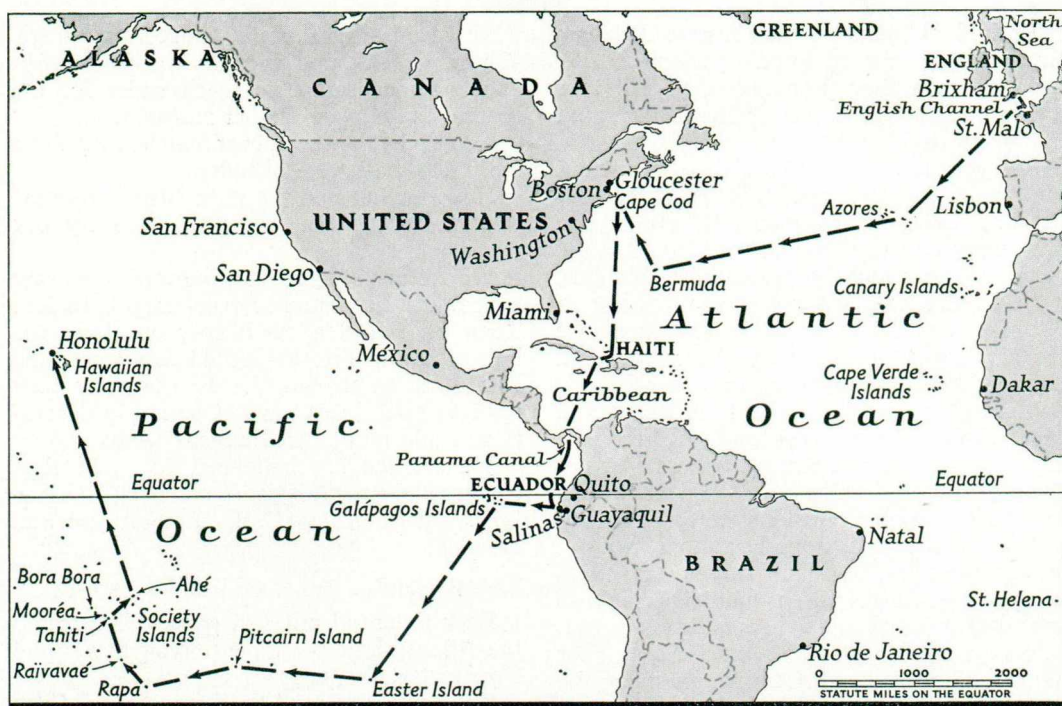
A new crew of young landlubbers, pledged to share the work and the expenses, assembled.

First mate was Stephen Johnson, our nephew, who sailed in the old *Yankee* and in the Merchant Marine. Jack Braidwood, a veteran Canadian Navy commander who had sailed boats all his life, signed as second mate (page 50). Third was Frank Power, of California, formerly a lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Reserve. Dr. Charles Bothamley, of Hollywood, was ship's surgeon.

Four girls signed on for old square-rigger jobs—Mary Booth, a Lightning skipper, as blacksmith; Meg Young as sailmaker; Terry Glenn, a former airplane engineer, as cooper; and Louise Stewart, a wartime captain in

* See "St. Malo, Ancient City of Corsairs," by Junius B. Wood, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, August, 1929.

† See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE: "European Outpost: The Azores," by Harriet Chalmers Adams, January, 1935; and "American Airmen in the Azores," 10 ills. in color, February, 1946.



Drawn by H. E. Eastwood

Yankee Charts Her Route, Not to Save Time, but to Visit the World's Romantic Places

At Honolulu the brigantine anchored half a globe away from Brixham, England, where she was outfitted. Bound from Gloucester to Gloucester, her skipper expects to circle the world in 18 months—from November 2, 1947, to May 1, 1949. Capt. Irving Johnson takes pride in finishing his voyages right on time.

the Marines, as lamp trimmer. Mrs. Johnson was chaperon. Did any old-time windjammer ever have one?

Yankee's experience convinced us that sailswomen are an asset on long cruises. They make a ship homelike, prevent barrack-style conversation, please the eye and the camera.

World Trip Starts; Crew Gets Seasick

Shoving-off day, Sunday, November 2, 1947, was perfect. A mob of friends at Gloucester pier gave us a rousing farewell. We were Gloucester-bound the hard way—18 months around the world.

Though we never expect any mercy from a November sailing, *Yankee* got off easy. For three days there was no call for all hands.

South of Nantucket Shoals Lightship a lively breeze quickly sorted out those who were going to get seasick. Old salts aboard had a good laugh until Donald Crawford rushed to the rail. We couldn't spare him; Don was the ship's cook (page 39). Mrs. Johnson took over the galley.

Our crew of green hands, bundled in winter sailing clothes, scarcely knew one another's names.

In Gloucester they had taken one dizzy

look at the cloud-scraping rigging and vowed, "Boy, you'll never catch me up there!" Soon they were working beside the mates, setting topgallant, fore-topsail, the big square foresail, the main topsail, and loving the thrill of it. They learned to hang on and brace themselves against the roll of the ship; they remembered where to find the lines; they gained a sailor's vocabulary.

Our crew drove *Yankee* to Haiti, 1,500 miles from Gloucester, in 10 days. Pretty good for landlubbers!

In Cap Haïtien they had their first taste of a foreign port. By donkeyback they visited the mountaintop Citadel of Henry Christophe, Haiti's Negro Napoleon.*

Mast Snaps; All Hands Toil in Darkness

A fair breeze saw us through the Windward Passage. Then one night a sudden squall snapped the fore-topmast.

All hands were called on deck. In inky darkness they heard the shattered spar and 33-foot topgallant yard slatting around half-

* See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE: "Bare Feet and Burros of Haiti," by Oliver P. Newman, September, 1944; and "Haitian Vignettes," by Capt. John Houston Craige, October, 1934.



National Geographic Photographer B. Anthony Stewart

German-built *Yankee* Acquires a New Dress in Brixham, Devon's Port of Adventure

During the discovery age, Brixham sent many of its sons voyaging into the unknown. Its old shipyard, sprawling along the water front, has been in the same family 150 years. Venerable workmen, far from resenting *Yankee's* owner, welcomed his suggestions (page 1). Here he works on the starboard bow, assisted on the bowsprit by Gilbert Melville Grosvenor.

way up the mast. They fished the jib topsail out of water racing by the starboard bow.

In driving rain the skipper headed aloft with a coil of line and secured the wildly swinging wreckage. Lowering the ton of tangled gear took all morning (page 16).

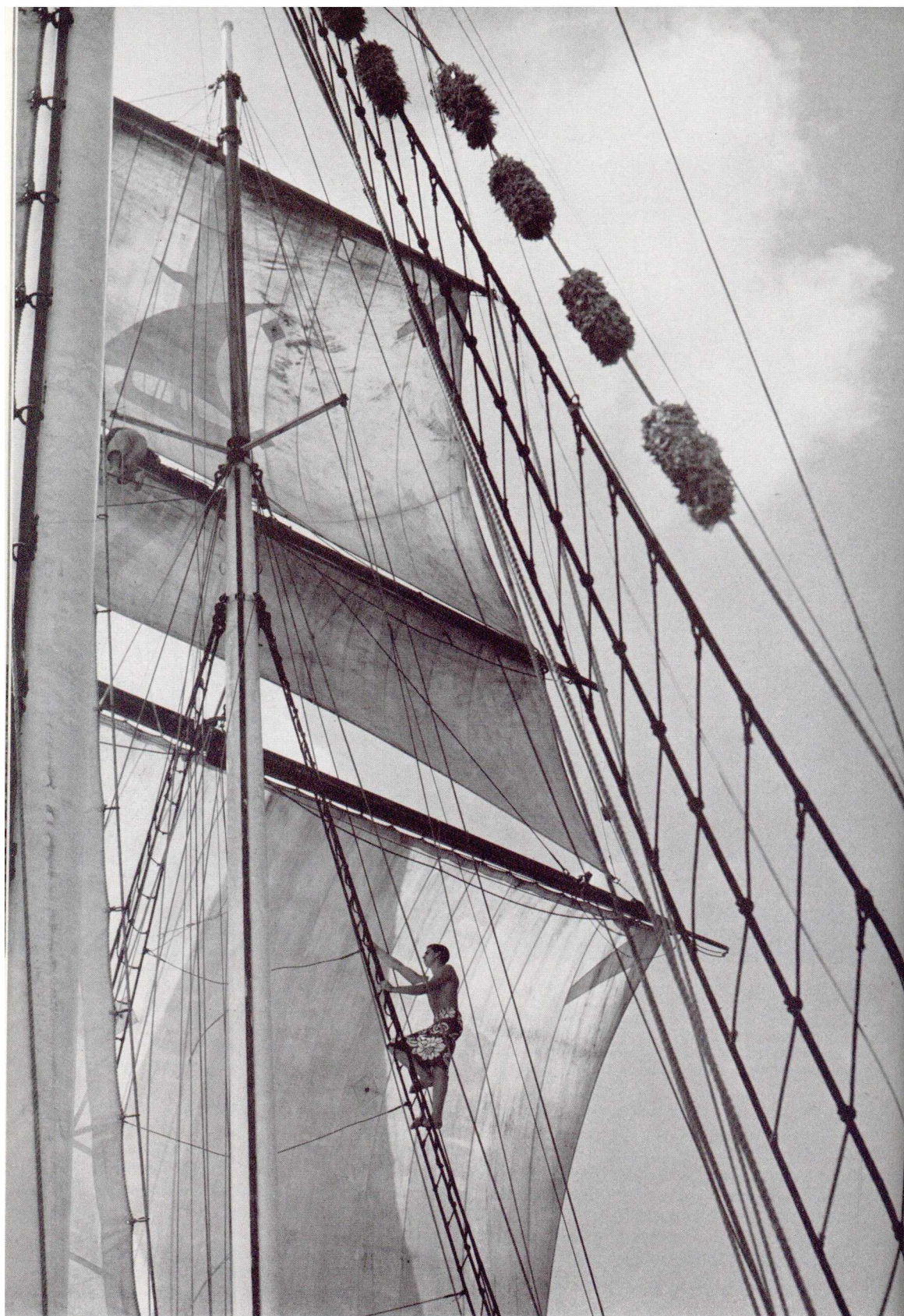
A new topmast was machine-tailored by Government workshops in the Canal Zone.

Atlantic to Pacific in 105 Minutes

While waiting for the repairs we hired a car and went touring. Using Panama's new concrete highway, we drove from sea to sea in an hour and three-quarters.

How many days, we wondered, did it take the Conquistadors to cross the fever-bound Panamanian jungle with mule trains loaded with Inca treasures? Should anyone wish to work out the answer, the menacing jungle remains unchanged a few feet from the road.

In Colón we found four barkentines at anchor. "Could we sail enthusiasts go aboard for a visit?" we asked. A suspicion-laden silence was our answer. Hoisting sails and Russia's red flag, the barkentines grumpily transited the Canal and disappeared into the Pacific.



Breeze Stiffens; Sail Must Be Shortened. Neil Chase Rises into a Lofty White Solitude

Yankee's red insignia appears in silhouette through the fore-topgallant sail. Baggy wrinkle (shredded rope) twisted tightly around the shrouds protects the mainsail (left) from chafing. One lad is at work on the topsail yard.



Irving Johnson

Easter Island Contributes Half a Ton of Curios to Shrewd *Yankee* Traders

Easter's people have lost their ancestors' art of carving colossal statues (page 18). Instead, they fashion small imitations and sell them to passing vessels. Because no yacht had stopped at Easter since the last *Yankee* visit in 1940, crew members found bargaining easy. They traded soap, perfume, candy, and old clothes for stone images, wooden swords, hats, canes, and carved animals. Arthur Johnson, himself a collector, admires the trophies.

As we, too, headed into the ocean, the watch announced, "Snakes!" Skeptically—for we had never seen sea snakes off Panama—we ran to the rail. Below, yellow- and brown-striped serpents swam almost upright. We counted hundreds the next two days.

Neptune, Foot in Cast, Limps Aboard

As we crossed the Equator, King Neptune came aboard. With a cast on one foot, he limped suspiciously like Braidwood, who had sustained an injury in Panama. Neptune treated the new Line-crossers to an all-day hazing (page 15).

This event coincided with the twelfth birthday of our son, Arthur, now on his third world voyage.

Arthur, who in his baby carriage came aboard the old *Yankee* and at 22 months climbed the rigging, has taken to the new brigantine like a monkey to a treetop. His greatest pleasure is to scale the masts and dance on the footropes (page 38). His sorrow is to confine himself at his cabin desk and study a correspondence school course, his teacher-mother standing grimly by.

While exploring the rigging for 15 hidden gifts, Arthur forgot about school until the cook presented a cake frosted with the words, "Happy birthday, scholar."

Anchoring in Salinas, Ecuador, a few of us made a railroad trip to Guayaquil, passing through a dusty country which had seen no rain in eight years. Donkeys and cattle on

the tracks stepped aside at the last possible minute. Later we saw the sights of Quito.*

Six hundred miles west of Ecuador lie the Galápagos Islands, our next objective. These volcanic eminences are so unlike any other spot that they seem transferred from another planet. In places their black lava faces expose weird bubbles, craters, and spires, giving the impression of having just cooled.

Galápagos Islands: Nature's Freak Show

Almost waterless, the Galápagos are not inviting; the discoverers found them uninhabited. Today's small population is composed mainly of Ecuadorian convicts, who don't want to be there, and a tiny band of settlers, who like to be left alone.

So inhospitable to man, the islands look attractive to birds, fish, reptiles, and wild beasts. Their very name comes from the mammoth land turtles which Spaniards call *galápagos*. These the old whalers, dumping them in ships' dank holds, used to carry off as fresh meat for long voyages. Survivors share a reptilian domain with dragonlike 3-foot iguanas.

Flightless cormorants, vivid flamingos, hawks, frigate birds, bosun birds, boobies, and small white albatrosses make their home here.

One evening as we rocked at anchor, someone shouted, "Owls!" Fifty birds circled the ship, occasionally alighting on the rigging. Catching one, we took him to the cabin, where we admired his owlish eyes and perfect composure.

Though the Galápagos stride the Equator, they shelter colder climes' seals and penguins, which here enjoy the Antarctic's Humboldt Current.

On an islet off Elizabeth Bay, Albemarle Island, we found seal and penguin colonies almost side by side. Penguins bowed to us in a courtly way. Seals were friendly until Arthur, wishing to play, chased them into a cave. They glowered at him from the gloom.

On a tiny island we captured seals at will. One baby sea lion we deposited in *Yankee's* bathtub, which is built on two levels, wet and dry. Using these, our bathing beauty happily flopped in and out of water. She became *Yankee's* official seal (page 28).

Meat Is Free; Fish Never Fail

The few islands with rain and grass in the high interior harbor wild cattle, goats, and pigs whose ancestors the whalers marooned to provide fresh meat for future visits.

From James Bay, San Salvador Island, where we anchored a couple of nights, we

spotted dozens of wild goats and pigs on an old crater. The sight sent a boatload of hunters hot for shore. Memory does not tell how many animals they shot, skinned, and thrust into our deep freeze (page 17).

With his army rifle Don Crawford brought down two pigs. Eric Wolman, out of ammunition, ran down a goat and took him by hand, like the speedy rabbit hunter of popular jest.

Fish? No one could miss a grouper or blue dolphin. "How many can you use?" a fisherman might ask the cook.

"Six," came the answer.

Hook and line were dipped six times. Up came dinner.

Sharks and 20-foot manta rays abounded. Sea turtles, caught by hand, replenished our larder (page 14).

For a fishing thrill we rendezvoused one December day with the tuna fleet anchored in Tagus Cove, Albemarle Island, 3,000 miles from its San Diego headquarters.

That night a bright red star of electric lights flashed at the masthead on one of the boats. The rollicking Portuguese fishermen's Christmas Eve celebration was in full swing.

Girls Dance with Bearded Tuna Men

The fishermen were amazed to find girls on *Yankee* and did not neglect the opportunity to arrange a Christmas Day dance aboard *Bernadette*, one of the fleet. A 300-pound accordion player perched on a hatch and pumped dance music tirelessly. *Yankee's* five women got a tremendous rush from the bearded fishermen.

We danced, sang, and caroled through an evening long to be remembered. *Bernadette's* cook, accustomed to powerful appetites, outdid himself, serving an enormous dinner.

For two days and nights half our party went fishing with *Belle of Portugal's* men to see how their iron-muscled arms haul in 10 to 50 tons of fish a day for the canneries. We worked beside them on platforms awash with heavy swells (page 19).

Even the girls agreed it was the fishing thrill of a lifetime, though some of them were nearly jerked overboard. Henceforth every tuna salad will remind them of excitement galore.

Chum (here live sardines) was cast into the sea to attract a hungry school. Snapping greedily, the tuna did not distinguish between bait and feathered, barbless hook. No one had to wait for a bite.

So heavy were our catches that one man could not always lift the load out of the sea.

* See "From Sea to Clouds in Ecuador," by W. Robert Moore, December, 1941.



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Kodachrome by E. Louise Stewart

A Dream Comes True—the Brigantine *Yankee* Sails the Globe Under a Cloud of Canvas

Germans built the steel-hulled ship in 1912 for the North Sea pilot service, but lost her to the British as a prize of World War II. Bought by Irving Johnson, she was renamed for the schooner *Yankee*, which carried him on three world voyages. Old-fashioned shipwrights in Brixham, England, outfitted her with yards on her foremast to carry square sails. In brigantine rig, she flies 7,775 square feet of canvas. Her best speed is 12 knots; average, 6.

Here the 1,600-square-foot balloon jib billows in the Pacific trades. Two amateur sailors aloft are paying and working their way around the world—Gloucester to Gloucester—in 18 months.

Shipmates! Boy and Girl Sight an Ocean Nomad

At Gloucester four able-bodied seam women signed aboard as blacksmith, sailmaker, cooper, and lamp trimmer. They stand regular watches with the boys, four hours on and eight off. They take a turn at the wheel, correct pilot books, do sewing and cleaning. A valuable morale factor, they make the ship homelike.

Most of the boys are between 17 and 22 years. Some are making the world cruise between high school and college. At first sight of the lofty footropes, they vowed as with one voice, "Boy, you'll never get me up there!" Page 38 exposes their error.

Together, boys and girls accumulate memories of exploring romantic islands. They gain in health and sun tan every day. Wandering quiet seas, they escape blaring radios.

One day, on a seemingly endless Atlantic run, this steamer suddenly appeared. A telescopic view would show her signaling steam's amazement at the sight of sail.

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Kodachrome by Irving Johnson



An Accordion-pleated Santa Claus Swings Above the Voyagers' Christmas Dinner. Fried Chicken Goes Down the Hatch
No matter how *Yankee* rolls, the balancing table is always in equilibrium, but sometimes up to the chin when the ship heels.

Kodachrome by Irving Johnson

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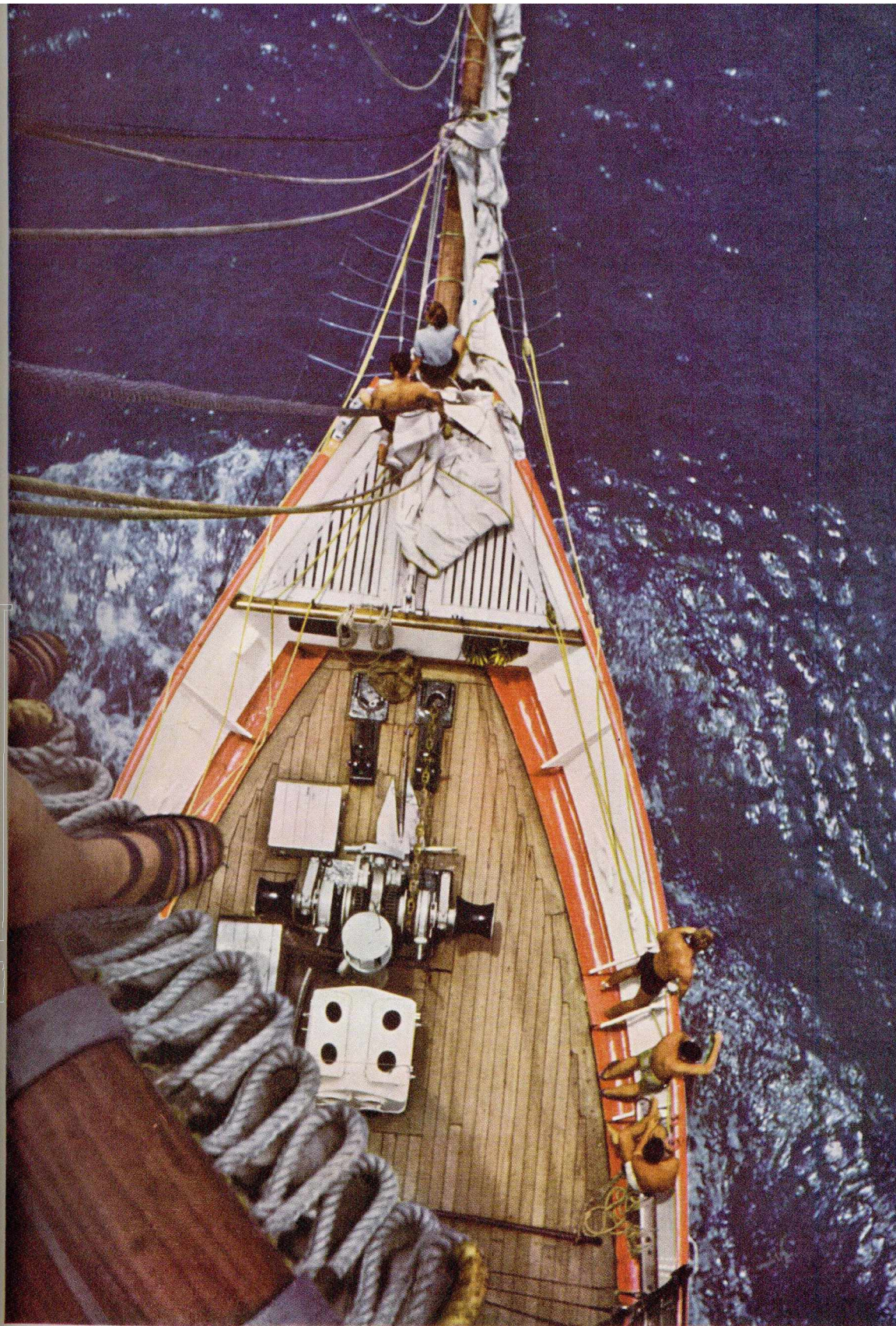
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Kodachrome by Mayotta S. Kendrick

***Yankee* Tries Her Extra Wings. Lads on Footropes Set a Stunsail, Sea's Rarest Sight**

Reaching wide for the breeze, stunsails (short for studding sails) ride booms far beyond the yards. Under such sails the China tea clippers won races in the 1860's, but *Yankee's* are unique—they're nylon.



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Kodachrome by Irving Johnson

What a Sailor Sees from Aloft: the Camera Looks Down 50 Dizzy Feet to the Deck

As *Yankee* approaches Raivavaé, crew members on the starboard rail take soundings with the lead line and lookouts keep watch from the rail. While holding the camera, the skipper cons the ship through coral reefs.

Bare-handed Divers Catch a Sea Turtle

So inhospitable to man, the drought-stricken Galápagos Islands swarm with animal life.

Dragonlike iguanas overrun the rocks. Penguins and seals, air-conditioned by the Antarctic's Humboldt Current, make the islands their home in the Tropics. Ducks seem so tame that hunters grow bored. Fishing is so good that no one can miss. Spiny lobsters offer food and fun.

One evening a flock of 50 owls circled *Yankee* and perched in the rigging.

Crew members searched in vain for wild *galápagos*, the huge land turtles which named the islands. They did find, however, an abundance of sea turtles to satisfy the ship's larder and their own desire for thrills. As a big turtle could submerge with one man, swimmers and boatmen operated in teams.

These hunters in Elizabeth Bay, Albemarle Island, are (left to right) Ed Douglas, Raymond Moeller, Peter Sutton, and Jack Trevett.

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Kodachrome by Alan Pierce



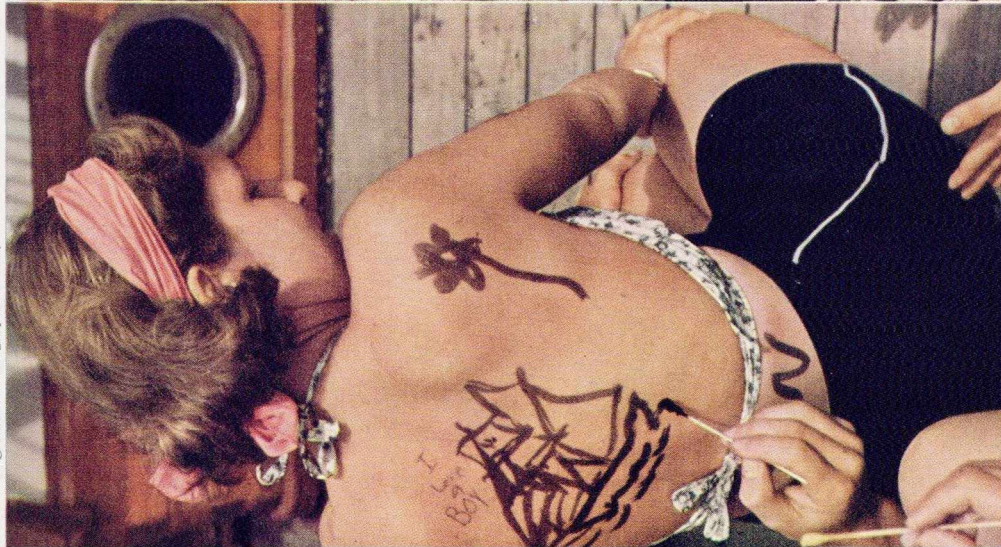
Painted Lady and Dandified First Mate Satisfy Neptune's Demand for Nonsense at the Equatorial Crossing

Yankee carried so many "polliwogs" that "shellbacks" spent all day initiating them. Here Mary Booth submits to a water-color tattoo. Stephen Johnson is prettified by Meg Young (left) and Louise Stewart. To retrieve his workaday clothes, he had to climb to the end of the foreyard. The occasion coincided with the twelfth birthday of Arthur Johnson (right), the skipper's son, a veteran Line-crosser who grew up aboard the old *Yankee*. He found 15 presents hidden in the rigging.

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Kodachromes by Irving Johnson







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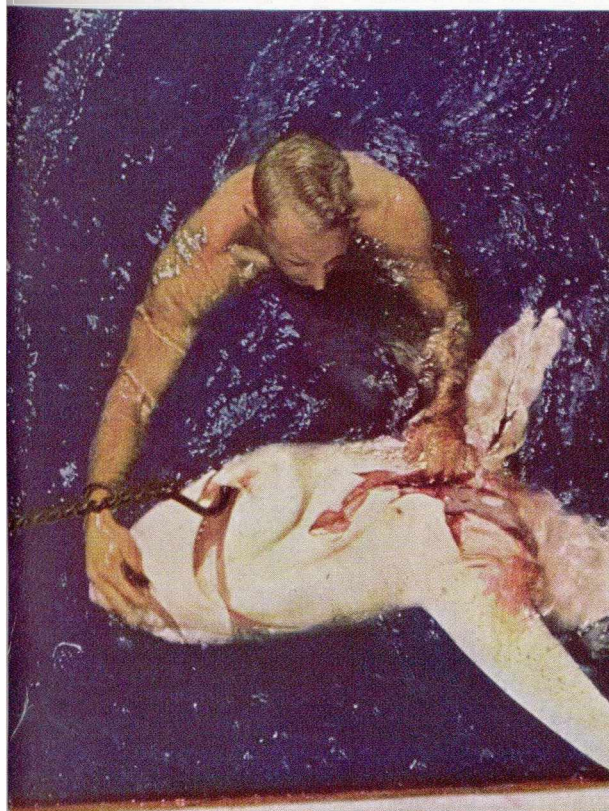
Kodachromes by Irving Johnson and E. Louise Stewart

↑ Neither Gale nor Sun Stays the Knitting of *Yankee's* Official Lamp Trimmer

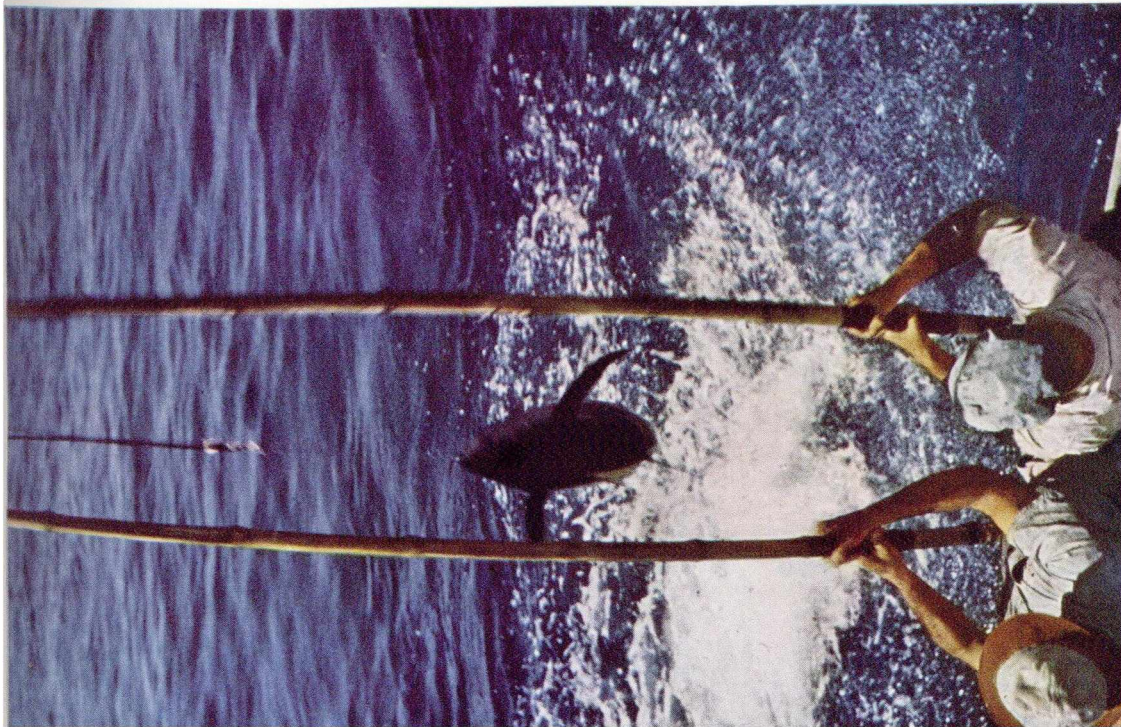
Louise Stewart, a former staff member of a woman's magazine and a wartime captain in the Marine Corps, finds civilization's shoes irksome. Girls and boys alike, once they feel the deck, revert to childhood's bare toes. Ed Douglas, in oilskins, takes a turn on watch.

↓ Skipper Slits Shark as Bait; Eric Wolman Skins a Wild Goat

Sharks cruised the Galápagos coves; this monster was carved to lure his brethren into rifle range. The islands teem with descendants of cattle, goats, and hogs marooned by whalers; their flesh filled *Yankee's* deep freeze. Eric, out of ammunition, ran down this goat.







A Monstrous Catch, Too Heavy for One Pole, Leaps Aboard

Off the Galápagos the Johnson party met old friends, the tuna crews from San Diego. For two days they shared the fishermen's briny battles. One day they helped catch 12 tons.

Tuna were lured with live bait; they were caught on barbless, feather-trimmed hooks. Headed for a common fate in the cannery, they came in four standard sizes—one-, two-, three-, and four-pole fish.

On the left, their stout bamboo poles converging on a single line, fishermen team up to drag in a two-pole whopper. Should they hook a 250-pounder, they'd have to cry for help.

One-pole fishermen on the right stand on the platform awash from a heavy swell. They pray for 35-pound "small fry," for anything larger may jerk them into the sea. John Wright, Terry Glenn (girl wearing head scarf), and Jack Trevett (right to left) share the professionals' platform.

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Kodachromes by Irving Johnson





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Great-grandsons of the *Bounty* Mutineers Drive Their 37-foot Longboat Out from Pitcairn to Visit *Yankee*

Never-ceasing seas batter their rocky, harborless island. To get in and out, these men have to be superlative boatmen (page 22).

Kodachrome by C. J. Chase, IV



Playful Porpoises, Real and Human, Chase the Ship

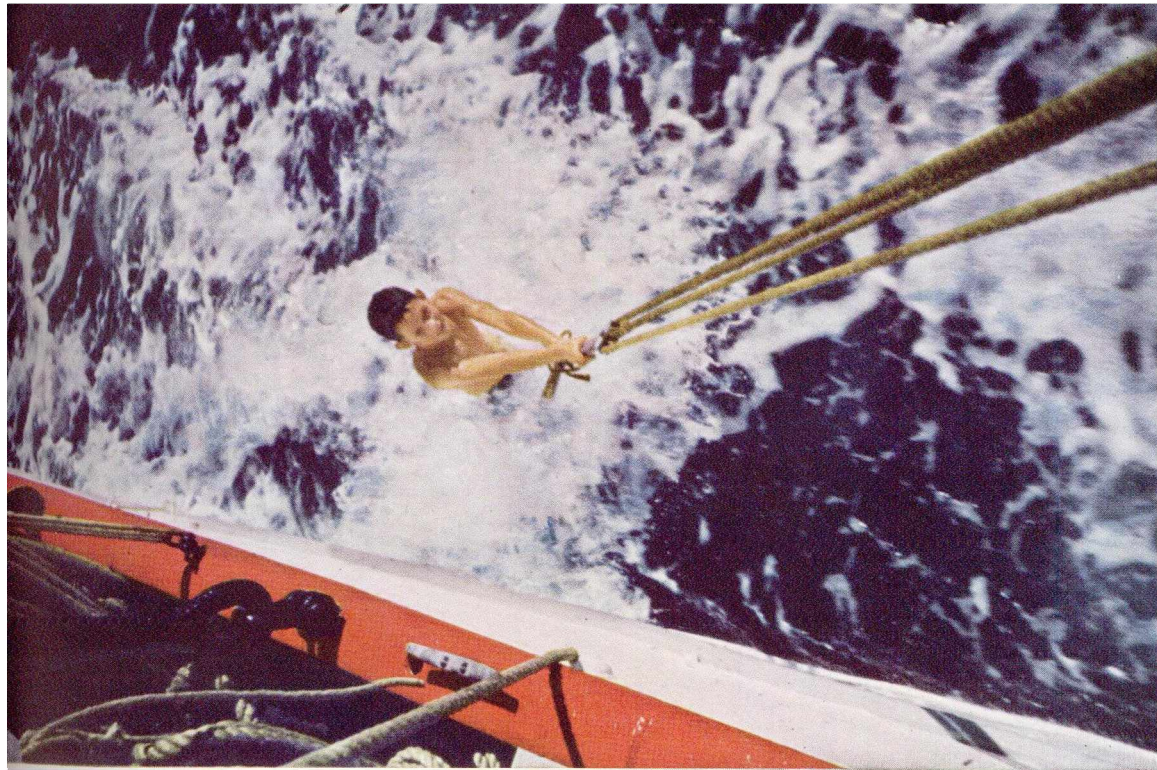
Porpoises, endlessly amusing, always collect an audience on *Yankee's* rail. Occasionally they leap 10 feet into the air and splash back. This fellow, pictured as he came up for air, exposes the open blowhole in his head. For diving he has an automatic "flap valve."

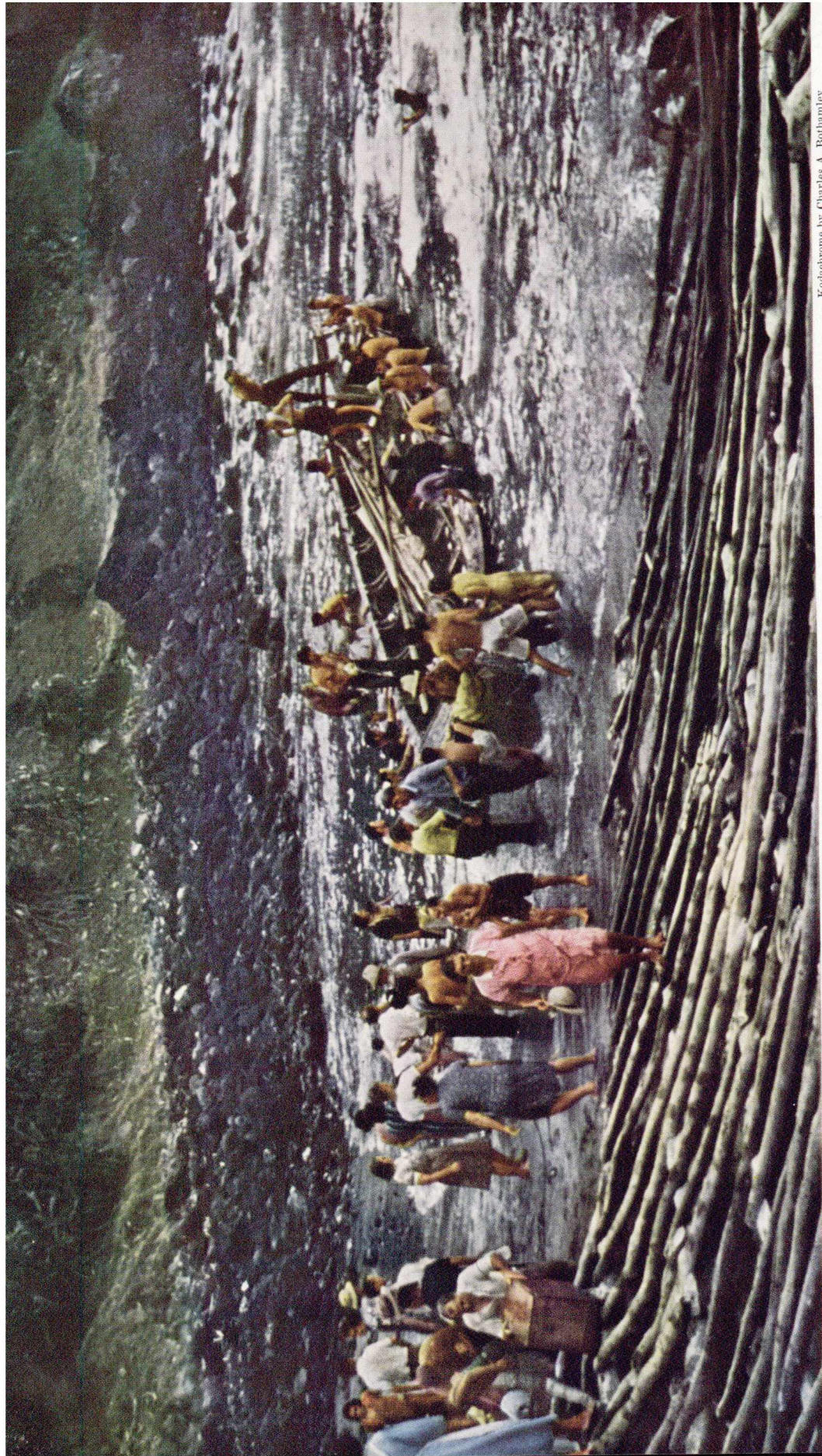
On the right, Arthur Johnson goes bosun-chairing. Strapped in a light carriage swung from a davit, he lets his body become a surfboard, madly riding a smother of foam. Tossed into the air, he whoops with delight—unless he chances to swallow the next wave.

At three knots the sport is mildly exhilarating. At five it is brisk. At seven the rider fights to hold on. At nine only the boldest man tries it. That's Arthur's speed—nine knots—but of course he's a bosun-chair veteran on his third world voyage. Sometimes a sea knocks him clear of the water; then he comes down with a crash. He saves himself from a knockout by twisting a trifle.

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Kodachromes by Irving Johnson





Kodachrome by Charles A. Bothamley

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© National Geographic Society
Angry Bounty Bay Shatters a Surfboat. *Yankee's* Men Salvage Drenched Laundry, Retract Farewells, and Stay a Bit Longer on Pitcairn
When Pitcairn women, dressed in their finest, saw their men imperilled, they bravely rushed shrieking into the sea, grabbed the stern line, and pulled in the boat. Finding no one hurt, they decided to continue the swim for fun and bob for floating tomatoes. The log ramp is used for beaching longboats.



Swab the Deck! Cut Hair! Knit Socks! —a Girl's Life

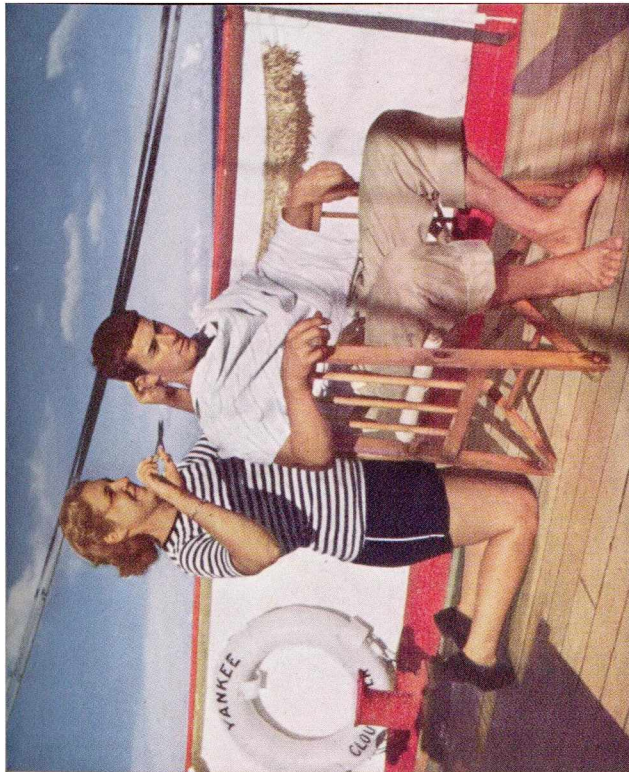
Except in foul weather, *Yankee's* deck gets a pre-breakfast scrubbing, but this job actually belongs to the men. That's one reason why Miss Stewart (left) grins so happily.

Right: Miss Booth gives Alan Pierce a free haircut. Though her father manufactures razors and scissors, she never tried barbering before. In this occupation she has two feminine associates, and the raging they take from the young men enlivens the mess table for hours. Boys boast of gashed, grooved locks. When they sit down for a trim, they audibly wonder whether they'll have any hair left.

Below: Miss Stewart is still knitting. Mrs. Irving Johnson, sitting on the deck, munches a banana and writes, "Dear Diary."

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Kodachromes by Irving Johnson
and Charles Allmon





Often multiple poles converged on a single line. Two-, three-, and four-pole tuna required as many fishermen. Luckily for us, the monsters had no partners in this briny tug of war.

Yankee's skipper felt a bite so violent it would have yanked him overboard if his feet had not been jammed in the fishing platform. His comrades helped him land a 125-pounder.

The Wittmers Live Alone and Like It

On Floreana, one of the Galápagos, we found our old friends, the Heinz Wittmers, still leading a Robinson Crusoe existence. This German couple settled there in 1932 "to get away from the world."

Other people have tried a hermit's life on lonely Floreana, but only the Wittmers remain, housed beside a spring high in the interior. Two of their children, Rolf and Ingeborg, were born on the island.

From Black Beach it is a long hard climb to the Wittmer home, five miles inland. Four of us set out one afternoon.

We got a warm welcome. Mrs. Wittmer, having cooked two weeks' dainties, fed us, we protested, every waking moment.

We gorged on bean soup, Brussels sprouts, banana pie, pineapple, eggs, tomato jam, and a wine made of sugar, molasses, and bananas. All were homegrown; they represented a back-breaking achievement cultivating a wilderness.

Rolf toured us around a plot of land where he and his brother Harry were experimenting with a tropical wheat. Their sister led the harnessed donkeys while they plowed.

Rolf at 15 years does a man's work, just as pioneers' sons always do. He has the ingenuity of a backwoodsman. If need arises, he hunts by night, works by day. He was eight when he shot his first wild bull.

Mr. Wittmer showed us treasured items in his workshop. These included salvaged iron rails, rawhide lariats, a small forge, and a lathe fashioned from scraps and powered by foot. On a wall hung two homemade crossbows used for hunting when ammunition ran low.

Knowing how these isolated people needed the world's wares, Mrs. Johnson had shopped for them. And now the Wittmer donkeys came in from the beach laden with yard goods and clothing. Bags of flour were the first seen in months. A mail-order catalogue delighted everybody.

Mrs. Wittmer almost wept at the sight of new dishes and six cans of lye for soapmaking. To the men, scythe blade and mattock seemed like Christmas presents.

In exchange the Wittmers gave us fruits.

These they loaded in donkey saddlebags of wild-bull hide, the hair still attached.

Rolf, visiting the ship, spoke for his heart's desire.

"Next time you come," said he, "please bring me an Army rifle."

Lonely Floreana offers a strange contrast to neighboring Baltra Island, which keeps in touch with the world by plane.

During the war Baltra supported a United States Army airbase. We found it still garrisoned by 150 American fighting men. Their wives liked its climate so much more than Panama's that they did not complain of the isolation. Any mother with her child got a round-trip flight to the Canal Zone every two months.

From the Galápagos we headed for Easter Island, 14 days and 2,000 miles to the south-southwest. For four days the sails hung limp in perfect calm. One of the Diesels took up the slack.

One day we shut down the engine for a swim and lifeboat drill. Boys and boat were barely wet when we sighted a shark periscoping in. Swimmers scrambled aboard. A shark hook was baited and passed to the rowboat.

Bold and hungry, the villain rammed the boat on his first pass. On his second he gulped the hook.

Later we cut him open and found he hadn't eaten for days. Arthur, who takes delight in autopsying fish, turtles, and mammals, stood watch over the dissection.

Easter's Images Visited by Jeep

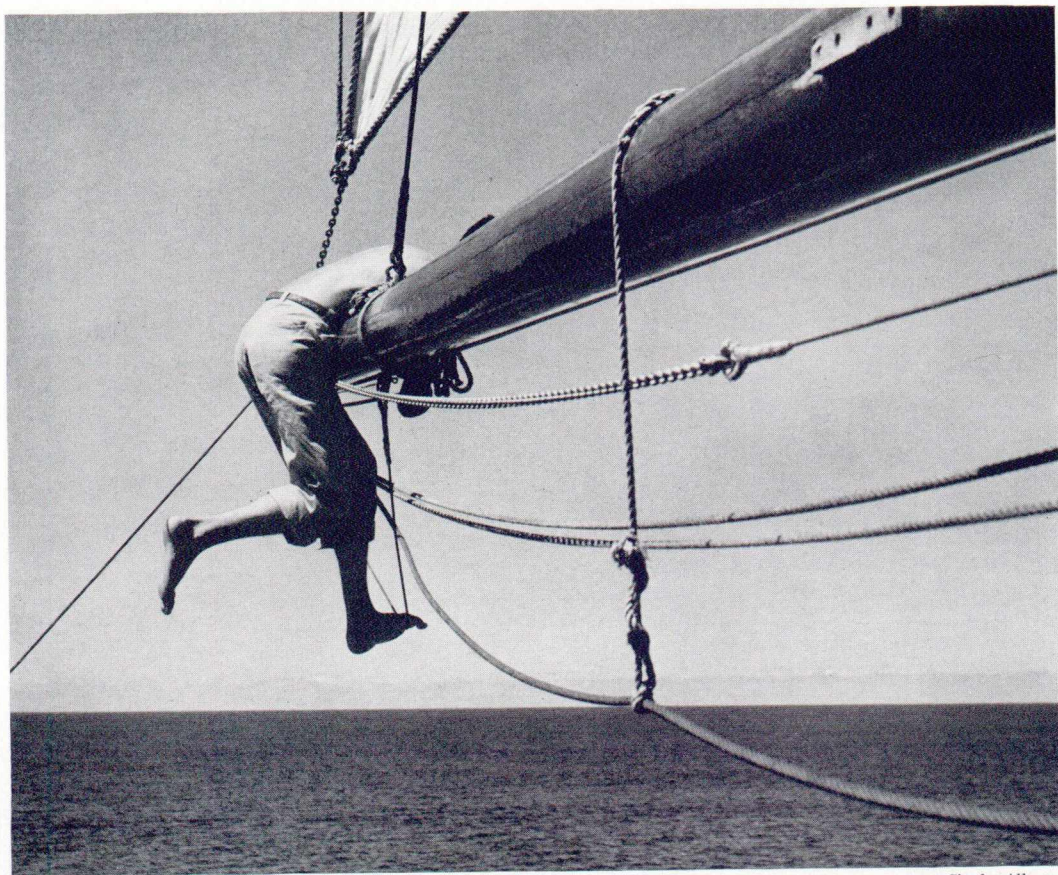
During the calm Braid broke out some hard algarroba wood bought in Panama, Larry Bard produced a lathe, and the boys turned out belaying pins.

The doldrums were chased by a storm which compelled us to douse the mainsail and heave to. We were pleased by the way *Yankee* took care of herself, even with no hand at the wheel. Though seas seemed bound to smother decks, the ship seldom took so much as spray aboard.

Easter Island, where we soon arrived, described the storm as the strongest within memory. The yearly wool-collecting steamer, riding at anchor, had broken her chain.

Easter, famed for its hundreds of huge stone statues, is just one big sheep ranch. The rolling, treeless country reminded some of us of the Wyoming plains.

Our British hosts, lessees of the grazing rights, lent us horses and a jeep for an exploration. We inspected the titanic statues carved from a crater wall before the first white man saw Easter, Polynesia's easternmost outpost in the Pacific. Enigmatically facing the



Charles Allmon

With a Good Toe Hold, Alan Pierce Feels as Safe as on Deck 70 Feet Below

Alan obeys the old rule, "One hand for yourself, the other for the ship." His back to the wind, he balances across the foreyard, keeping constant guard against a sudden lurch. Bare feet clutch a special foot-rope needed at yard's end. Old-time sailors often used sea boots whose heels gripped ropes as a cowboy's grip stirrups. Neither darkness nor storm stops work aloft. *Yankee's* sail tenders jestingly say that when the ship rolls they can almost wash their faces in the sea.

sea, they stand as monuments to a vanished golden age (page 18).*

Another major sport on Easter was trading with the natives. In return for textiles, including some worn shirts, crew members picked up half a ton of curios. Some were foot-high, red stone copies of the heroic statues (page 7).

Yankee Takes Gifts to Pitcairn

From Easter the *Yankee* set her course for Pitcairn, an island that means a lot to us. As we approached, we never had so many hands in the rigging looking for land. Three girls and eleven boys were having a hilarious time aloft when, from the masthead, Al Pierce shouted, "Land ho!" Pitcairn lay 40 miles ahead.

This mile-wide island, rising 1,000 feet above the South Pacific, was deliberately

chosen for settlement by reason of its very loneliness (pages 20, 22, 24).

Captain Bligh's English jack-tar mutineers and their Tahiti brides, burning the stolen *Bounty* so they could never leave or be traced, settled here in 1790. The last survivor, John Adams, was rediscovered in 1808 (page 33).

The mutineers' great-great-grandchildren, according to our private census, numbered 132 on Pitcairn; a few others were working or studying in New Zealand.

Having visited the island on each *Yankee* voyage, we have made fast friends. And, like the Wittmers, the Pitcairners appreciate our visits because we bring needed goods.

This time we bore a ton of presents, including 20 pounds of precious rat poison for Pitcairn's only enemy. Gifts were sent by various

* See "Great Stone Faces of Easter Island," 11 ills., NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, February, 1944.



Irving Johnson

As if on a Christmas Morning, Pitcairners Open Their Presents from a Generous World

Not many vessels stop at isolated Pitcairn and, of those that do, *Yankee* is almost the only one that comes back regularly. On this tour she carried a ton of supplies, including clothes and household utensils. Pitcairn has to improvise so many tools that the vise (right) was especially appreciated. This collection was sent by the Boston Yacht Club, whose burgee is shown. Mrs. Johnson (back to window) presides; Norris Young, the island's magistrate, sits at her right.

individuals, the Boston Yacht Club, and the Seventh-Day Adventist Church. Pitcairners, as members of that church, never swear, but they have a way of using the word "please" as compellingly as a ringing oath.

It was not long before we spotted the Pitcairn longboats, manned by some of the world's best oarsmen, coming out from their harborless, surfbound island to meet us.

Ship's Doctor Doubles as Dentist

Great was the welcome, for eight years and a war had separated us. Crew members, invited into simple Pitcairn homes in cliff-top Adamstown, were given the best beds, always placed beside open windows, so they could enjoy the breeze, stars, and waving palms. Their skins and laundry were washed in blessed hot water. They were stuffed with watermelons, chicken, and homemade bread.

One of our crew grumbled, "Only one meal a day," but he soon learned that the "meal" lasted all day.

Dr. Bothamley, who hadn't had much practice aboard ship, found himself the busiest man on physicianless Pitcairn. At a little dispensary run by an Adventist nurse he set up open clinic.

Every Pitcairner, ill or well, had to see the doctor, if only to recite a vague symptom or recount a healed injury. Some complained of a nonexistent heart trouble. Many, surprisingly, did have high blood pressure.

"Doc" attended to scratches, gave advice on "fits," and removed four cysts; but he performed most nobly in the unaccustomed role of dentist. He had lots of work, for Pitcairn teeth had long gone unattended. Most patients required removal of jagged stumps left by clumsy amateur surgery.



Arthur Drapes a Kinkajou as a Living Neckpiece

The skipper's son acquired this pet in Panama, where it is native. Naturally nocturnal, Kinky did not like staying up days, but took to the rigging as to its familiar treetops. Kinky loved to hang by a long prehensile tail. "Wish I had one, too," Arthur remarked, "so I could furl sail with both hands."



Irving Johnson

Yankee's Official Seal Enjoys Voyaging in a Tub

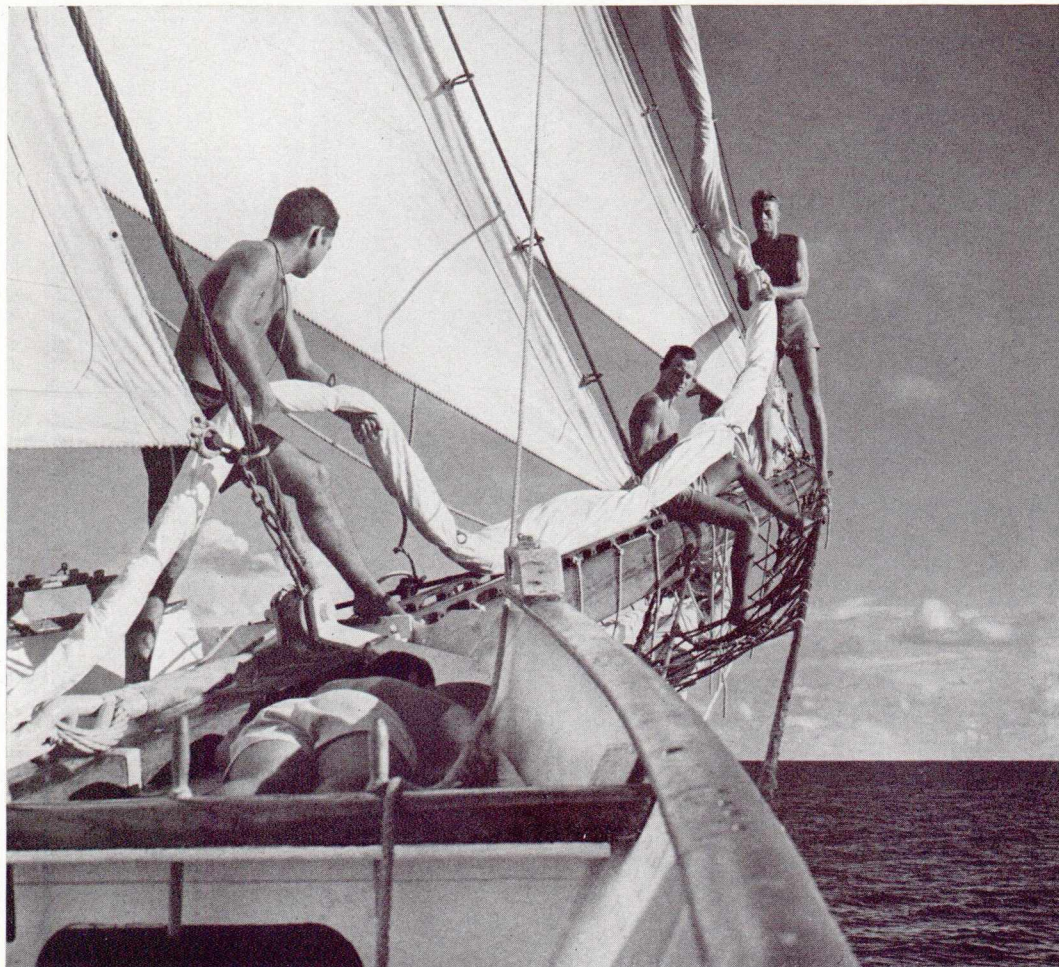
Baby seals captured in the Galápagos became so attached to the crew that when thrown back to their mothers they tried to climb back aboard ship. To receive Arthur Johnson's caress, this affectionate baby sea lion has splashed out of the water onto the tub's dry level (page 8).



Irving Johnson

Pitcairn's Boat-to-boat Salesmen Swarm Aboard a Passing Steamer to Peddle Fruits and Souvenirs

Rangitata's 900 fruit-starved English passengers, emigrating to New Zealand, bought pineapples and mangos until arms and shirt fronts could hold no more. *Yankee* hands, posing as islanders, enjoyed a tongue-in-cheek interview telling a London reporter about their "hardships" (page 30).



Charles Allmon

Fading Wind Demands More Sail. Three Lads Send the Big Ballooner Up in Stops

When the boys have hoisted the ballooner to the masthead, another gang will heave on the sheet, ripping the stops. Then the sail, caught by the wind, will pop open. Now the three working headsails must come down; otherwise they will blanket the 1,600-square-foot ballooner (page 9). Steve Johnson, Larry Bard, and Frank Power (left to right) fail to disturb an off-watch companion caulking (sleeping) on the forecastle.

Meanwhile the skipper, touring the other side of the island, looked up the Galápagos turtles he had marooned years before and found them grown to tremendous size.

Island Goes Wild over Slow Movie

The captain had the most fun, however, showing motion pictures of his third world voyage. To him the lecture was routine, but to amusement-starved Pitcairners the occasion was memorable. They went wild over 8-year-old pictures of themselves. Not even Sing Sing's shut-ins, to whom the film once was shown, reacted as enthusiastically.

Projection suffered from a power plant so weak that the machine barely turned. The 70-minute film took three hours. Pitcairners

appreciated the graveyard pace all the more, for it gave them time to study every face in slow motion.

One day the steamer *Rangitata* approached with 900 passengers, all English emigrants to New Zealand (page 29).

For just such a sales opportunity Pitcairners had grown fruit, woven baskets, and carved curios. With the proceeds they hoped to buy the nails, paint, kerosene, cloth, and flour their little domain could never supply.

Though the seas were too rough for the women, Pitcairn's best boat-to-boat salesmen, the men launched longboats and set out to meet the passers-by.

With them went several members of *Yankee's* crew disguised as natives. Having just



As Fog Closes In on Mooréa's Lava Peaks, *Yankee* Hoists Sail for Departure

Here Captain Cook fought a war of nerves to recover a stolen goat, a strange and wonderful prize to the islanders. They answered all his demands with evasive denials. To teach them that they could "trifle with me no longer," Cook marched across Mooréa at the head of 40 men. Spies kept him informed of the goat's hiding place. He did not recover it, however, until he started burning houses and war canoes.

read the Nordhoff and Hall *Bounty* trilogy, they were prepared to pass themselves off as a "Christian," "Young," or other islander.

Tongue in cheek, Hazard (Buff) Campbell submitted to an interview by a London reporter covering the voyage. Describing himself as "Robert Christian," he recounted Pitcairn's hardships heart-rendingly.

"I want to move to the United States," said "Christian."

"Don't," advised the reporter. "Your life on Pitcairn is far better."

Other *Yankee* men, peddling curios, gave convincing sales talks.

No argument was needed, however, by the fruit vendors. At sight of the pineapples, melons, mangoes, and bananas, the fruit-starved Englishmen opened purses, stuffed arms and shirt fronts with purchases, and retired to cabins for a feast.

We hated to leave the kindly Pitcairn people, but our schedule allowed no delay. *Yankee* was impatiently riding the swells, safely distant from the rocks. Pitcairn good-byes are always sad.

Wreck Mars Farewell

Together, islanders and sailors streamed down to the log-ramp landing in Bounty Bay (page 22). Farewell gifts, including fruit and 30 loaves of bread, were heaped in a longboat. Most appreciated present of all was fresh laundry.

Though the bay was heaving savagely, Pitcairn's best oarsmen—14 oars to a boat—calmly slid a longboat down the ramp. Five of our crew jumped in, others waiting for the next trip.

Andrew Young, an islander, took the steering oar, conned the angry surf, and gave the command. Fourteen oars strained.

Breaker after breaker passed by harmlessly. Then a Niagara gathered height and, just as the boat came in, broke crashingly.

Oars flew into the air; a man dived over the side. Keel broken, the boat wallowed close to rocks.

Seeing their men in danger, Pitcairn women wailed in chorus. Without regard for their best dresses they plunged into the surf, grabbed the boat's stern line, and pulled the men to safety.

Assured that no one had been injured, the women then salvaged drenched laundry and wave-tossed watermelons. Rescues accomplished, they stayed in to enjoy the swim. Some, floating on their backs, munched tomatoes.

With laundry freshly ironed, but some cameras ruined, we got away the next day.

The longboat men, shooting a milder surf, deposited us on *Yankee*. Rowing away, they gravely sang "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." Tears clouded some eyes.

"Look, Girls! Men!" Rapa Pursues Them

With each cruise *Yankee* makes it a point to tour some new island. This time we chose Rapa, of which we had heard alluring tales.

One morning we sailed into the island's magnificent crater harbor. Rapa's jagged, volcanic skyline awed every hand (pages 36 and 37).

Only natives and a solitary Frenchman met us in the little seaside settlement, but they were happy to have unexpected company, accustomed as they were to only one ship a year.

Rapa maidens, all but swooning with joy, looked on *Yankee's* men as heaven-sent cargo. So many of their own men had obtained jobs in Tahiti that the feminine population outnumbered the masculine six to one.

A gang of giggling girls boldly pounced on a blushing New Englander and all but kidnapped him. His guffawing comrades, far from rescuing him, took pictures of his embarrassment.

In olden days, when the population numbered thousands, Rapa men fought for women. Rival clans staked off territories and, to protect lands and women, erected seven mountain-top forts.

Some of us climbed Rapa's steep crater walls to inspect the old citadels. Puffing and gasping on reaching the summits, we decided no Rapa war was worth the effort.

Appetites whetted by the hike, we feasted on delicious raspberries, which grew wild all over the island. Introduced by a Frenchman a number of years ago, they have become a prickly nuisance to the natives.

On our departure the islanders traded 30 quarts of selected berries for nine bars of soap. Each party was convinced it had the better of the bargain.

Raivavaé Feasts and Garlands Us

In a few days we raised the island of Raivavaé. As we entered the treacherous, beaconless harbor, the skipper employed a skill he often practiced with the wartime Navy.* Climbing the foremast, he kept a lookout for submerged coral heads lest they slit *Yankee's* belly (page 13).

Murky water required additional precautions. A lead-line crew took soundings from

* See "Adventures with the Survey Navy," by Irving Johnson, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE, July, 1947.



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Kodachromes by Irving Johnson

↑ Every Woman Is Her Own Laundress;
Men Have To Do Their Own, Too

Yankee's clothesline is not an infallible sign of Monday, but an indication that rain has been trapped. Ship's tanks cannot spare fresh water for laundry. Any time the crew visits an island, garments may be seen drying on the bushes.

✚ Mrs. Johnson Examines the Headstone of
the Last *Bounty* Mutineer

John Adams alone among the men survived Pitcairn's interfamily massacres. Learning to read in old age, he taught youngsters from *Bounty's* Bible. In 1808, two decades after the mutiny, his hide-out was discovered, but he escaped punishment.

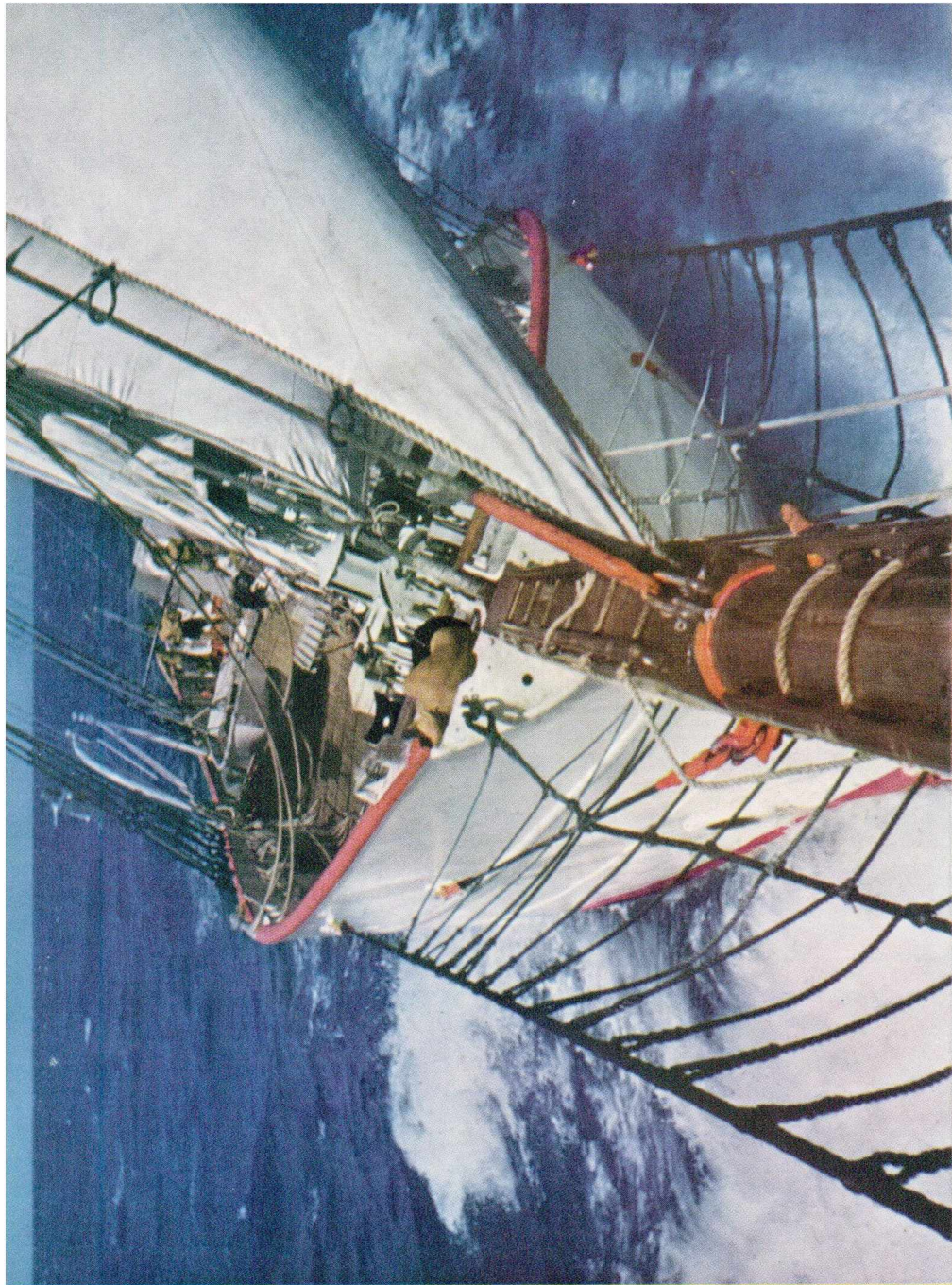




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A Quartermistress at the Wheel . . . *Yankee*, Close-hauled on the Starboard Tack, Roars Along at Eight Knots Toward Rapa

For sentimental reasons, the lovely teak wheel was salvaged from the old *Yankee*. Girls take the helm to relieve the boys for work aloft; they have demonstrated their ability to steer by wind or compass. Here Miss Stewart, her back to the chartroom, makes a camera target for John Wright (left) and Alan Pierce. Right: Though the brigantine rolls, crashes, and shudders, nothing disturbs the boy napping abaft the bowsprit.



The Bowsprit Rigging Provides More Fun than a Haymow

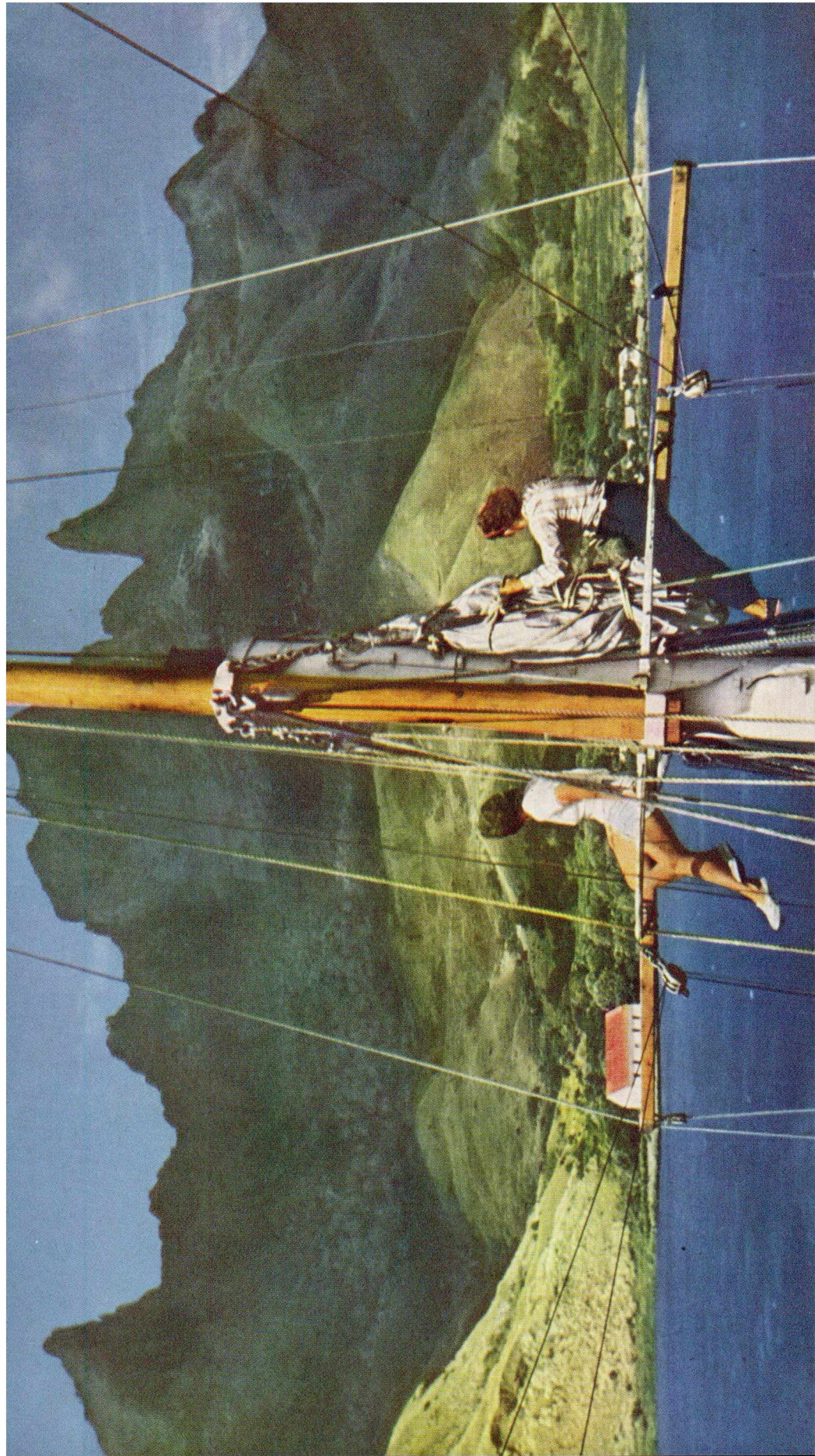
On moonlight evenings it is great fun to ride the bowsprit and look back at the dazzling phosphorescence churned by the bow. That is a good time for swapping stories.

Oftimes when the boys are off duty you can hear typewriters clicking in the cabin; nearly everyone keeps a diary or plans to write a story. They are zealous photographers, as the opposite page proves. *Yankee* carries close to 35 cameras, including many for making movies.

Here James Wells (top) and Peter Sutton enjoy acrobatics above a calm sea between Galapagos and Easter Island. The netting is superfluous; they wouldn't mind falling in, but they have to keep an eye peeled for sharks.

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Kodachrome by Alan Pierce



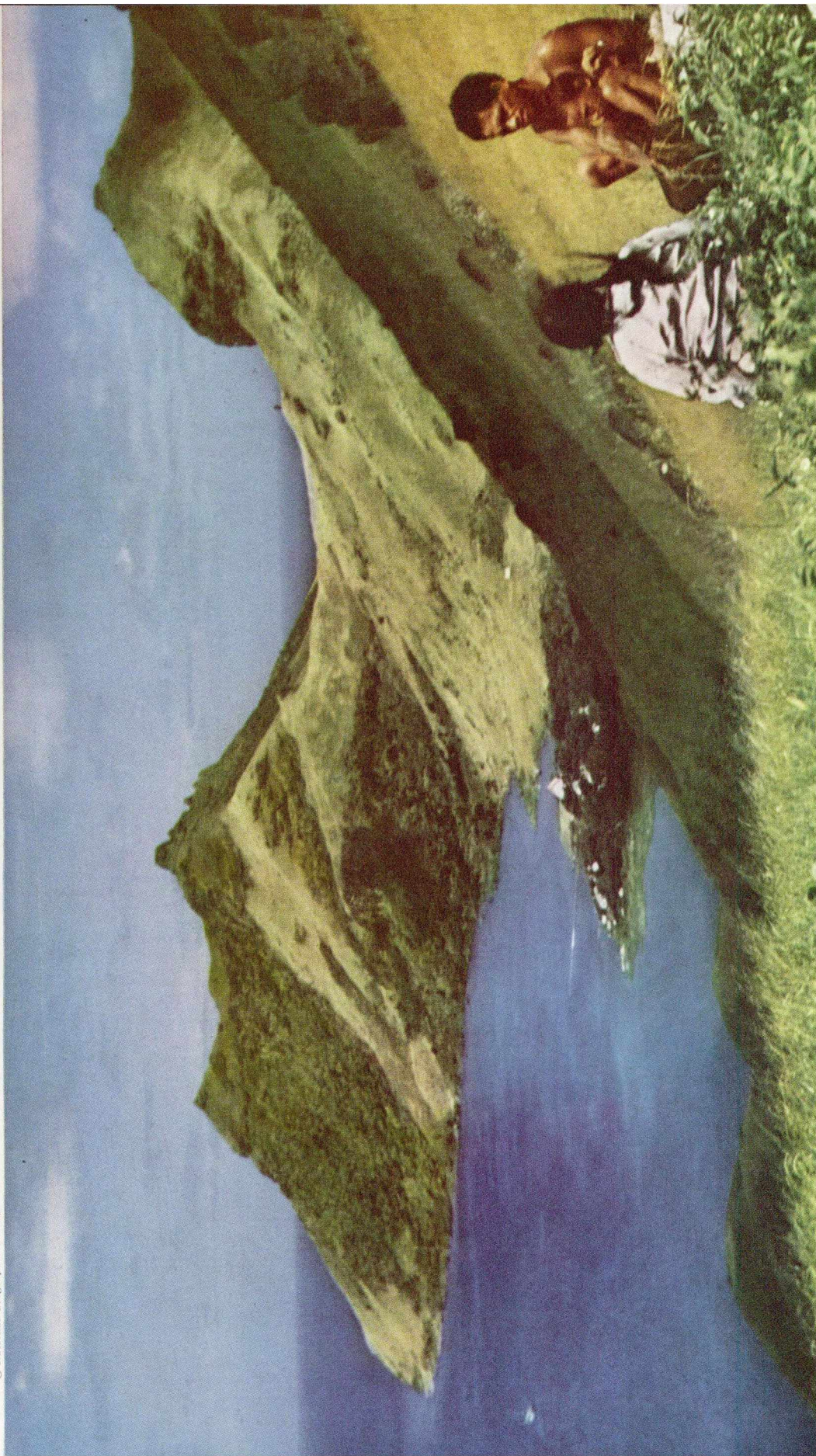


This Family Boasts One of the Few Men Left on Rapa, Where Females Outnumber Males Six to One
As most native boys had moved to Tahiti for jobs, *Yankee's* young sailors seemed fair game to Rapa's lonely damsels. One tall New Englander was tackled and all but kidnapped. Wild red raspberries make a hike on Rapa a feast as well as an exercise. *Yankee* rides the harbor far below.

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Kodachrome by Irving Johnson





Can Any Young Man Ever Stay Out of the Lofty Rigging of a Sailing Ship?

Approaching Tahiti, the crew swarms aloft setting more sail. One of the girls climbs a ratline. Arthur Johnson (hands on ratline) comes down from fore-topmast, where he loves to survey the world in dreamy solitude.



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Kodachromes by Alan Pierce and Stephen H. Johnson

↑ "My Bread Will Rise in the Roughest Sea":
the Cook's Reply to His Critics

Donald Crawford, pictured off Easter Island, is the only professional aboard. Few Army mess sergeants suffer more gibes. At table Don's companions jeer each offering. Retorts he: "My bread will rise . . ." Don is writing *Pots and Pans Around the World*.

✦ Tahiti's Farewell Party Lasts till Dawn;
Soup and Flowers Deck Festive Board

Photographer Charles Allmon (second on left), about to sail on *Yankee*, plays host to Papeete friends. He ate so much, he regrets, that he couldn't dance with the beauties beside him. Allmon faces James Norman Hall, co-author of the *Bounty* series.





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Kodachrome by Charles Allmon

A Ton of Nets Goes Hunting for a School of Unwary Fish

These Tahitians amazed the photographer by sighting prey in waters so dark he was unable to detect any movement. Once the fishermen have set the nets, 30 to 40 helpers on shore will pull in the lines (page 46).



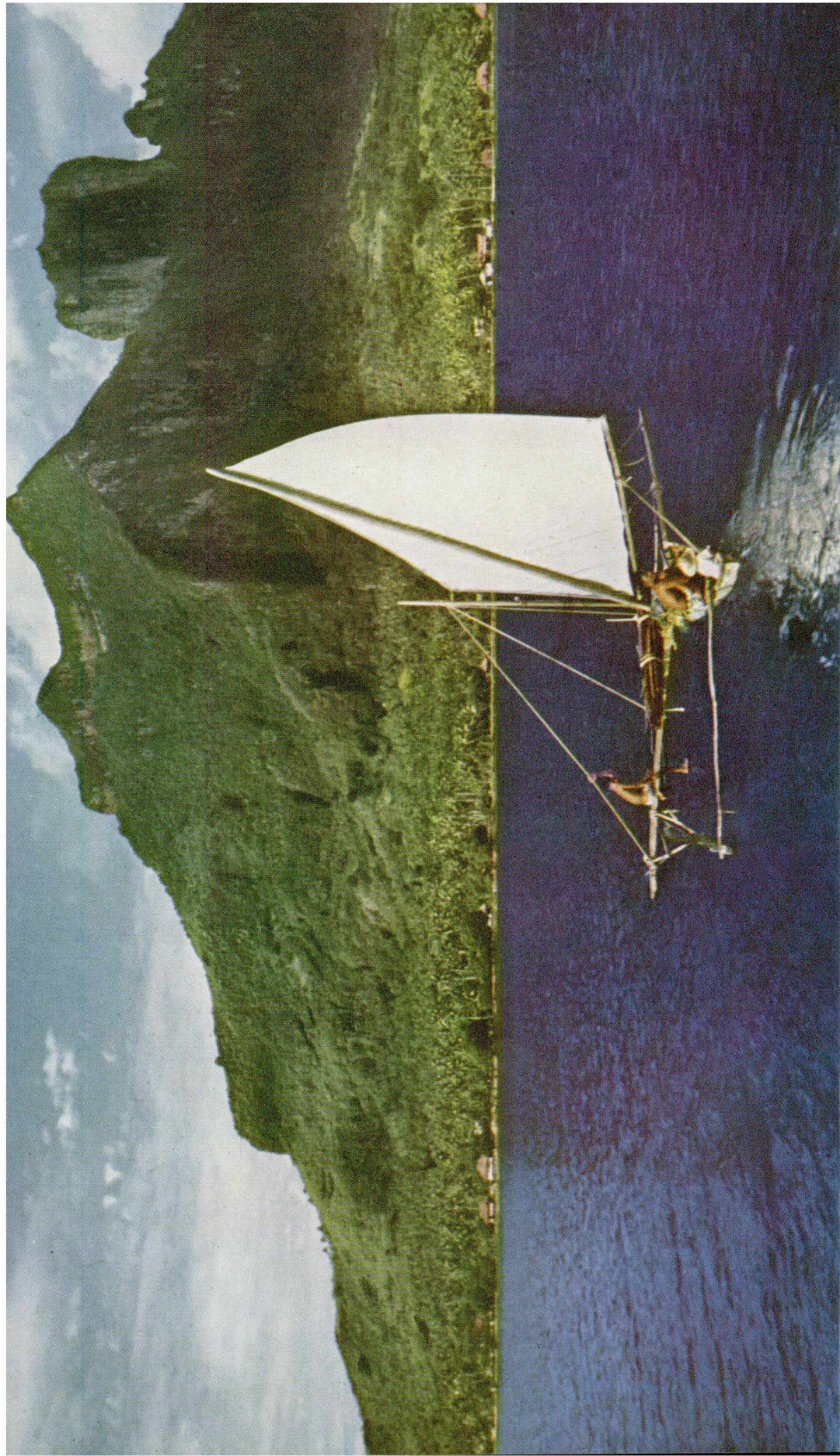
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41

Kodachrome by Charles Allmon

A South Seas Venus Dancing the Hula Swishes a Bark Skirt and Shakes Frangipani Leis

Her garlands are age-old, but the brassiere has the new look; grandmother wouldn't have known what to do with it. Here in romantic Tahiti, photographer Allmon met author Johnson and hitched a ride on *Yankee*.



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Kodachrome by Charles Allmon

A Sailing Canoe Bearing a Human Balance on the Outrigger Glides Home to Bora Bora, Once an American Base

Hips Alternate Like Reciprocating Engines; the Froufrou of Rainbow Skirts Sounds Across the Grassy Stage

Dancing in honor of a new chief, this garlanded chorus sings, in effect, a hymn to pagan times, but a wrist watch (foreground) proves the old gods have not returned. Men wear flaming poinciana headdresses. Guitars, drums, and whistles provide music. The island is Moorea, 10 miles from Tahiti.

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Kodachrome by Charles Allmon





Kodachrome by Charles Allmon

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Calloused Bare Feet Tread Jagged Coral as if It Were Sand. Spears Lance the Boiling Surf for Fish of Brilliant Hues

So generous is Nature with fish and fruits that Tahitians seldom toil. These fellows think they're doing a day's work; Americans might journey thousands of miles just for the sport. On this shore the photographer and two friends, all cautiously shod, caught 60 spiny lobsters in an hour.





Tahiti Laughs at Housing Problems. Roofing Is Simple. Palm Thatch Is Soaked to Make It Pliable for Weaving (Right)

These fronds, when laid across rafters, will keep out rain and sun but admit sea breezes. True, they will harbor lizards, which may drop into the soup but do pay for their lodging by devouring insects. For weaving, the frond is split down the midrib. No nails are used.

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Kodachromes by Charles Allmon





"Heave Ho!" Shouts Mate Steve Johnson (Right), Hauling In the Mainsail Halyard

Leaving Tahiti, the crew dons *pareus*, the Polynesians' flowered shorts. Terry Glenn twists the wheel. Others (right to left) are Larry Bard, Alan Pierce, Jack Trevett, and Neil Chase. *Yankee* carried mail north to Honolulu.

the starboard rail. Sounding out a channel, the second mate went ahead in an outboard-motor craft.

Minus the motor, Capt. James Cook explored uncharted lagoons in exactly this manner 175 years ago.

In Raivavaé we got the feeling of a true South Seas island. Here were long white beaches, a grass-grown dock, swaying palms, taro patches, hibiscus, and bougainvillea.

A Polynesian Fireless Cooker

Hospitable islanders dined us in Polynesian style. Pork, chicken, taro, and bananas they wrapped in green ti leaves and cooked over hot covered stones, a natural fireless cooker.

Fish and clams were served raw after seasoning in salt water, lime juice, onion, and coconut cream. This cream was not the watery milk of the coconut but the rich, nut-flavored liquid prepared by squeezing the juice out of the meat.

Islanders adorned us with leis and watched to see that no one shirked the banquet. One hardy lad downed ten clams.

Politeness demanded no leftovers, but when we staggered to our feet three-quarters of the meal remained. At a second sitting the hosts' relatives polished off the remainder.

Before us now lay beautiful Tahiti, fragrant with tropical flowers. A seven-thousand-foot peak towered overhead.

On February 22 we stole into Papeete's tree-fringed water front and tied up *Yankee's* stern to the main street. Among her many neighbors were the Mexican schooner *Barca de Oro*, William Albert Robinson's schooner-ketch-brigantine *Varua*, and the gaily painted junk *Cheng Ho*, now in trading service between Papeete and Honolulu.

Five days on Tahiti consisted of one party after another. We had barely landed when the American consul invited us to his George Washington's Birthday party. Then the Robinsons and the Preston Moores entertained us.

Mrs. Norman Hall served brownies and Toll House cookies, a culinary miracle in mid-Pacific.

Her famous husband, co-author of the *Bounty* series, read a chapter from a book he was preparing on the Polynesian migrations. Under the spell of his magic, we visualized the big twin-hulled catamarans speeding by starlight into the oceanic unknown.

Our farewell party was given by Charles Allmon, a young photographer who had just completed a six-months camera survey.

Desperate for transportation, Allmon requested a ride to Honolulu. We were delighted to offer *Yankee's* spare bunk.

Americans, French, British, Polynesians, and a few Chinese made a gay, garlanded company at Allmon's table (page 39). Dozens of tall bamboo torches cast a flickering light, and a dreamy Tahiti orchestra played hula music under a pale moon and fleecy clouds.

Bashful Americans were pushed onto the dance floor and compelled to do the hula. Flower-decked Arthur, attending his first grown-up, stay-up-late party, was an exception; no one had to urge him. Shining with joy, he moved in with the hula girls and danced to his heart's content. During pauses he sat between a grass-skirted hula girl and a handsome guitar player.

Good boy! If he can only remember this pure pleasure all his life, who will have a Tahiti souvenir to compare?

Who indeed can fail to love Tahiti's beautiful setting—the outrigger canoes, bright lagoons, and mountain streams? Its attractive people, kind of heart, naturally charming, and full of little graces, combine the best qualities of France and Polynesia. We never saw them worry.

"I wish I were a quarter Tahitian," an American friend said earnestly.

Divers Explore Ahé's Coral Fairyland

Bound now for the Hawaiian Islands, we paused at palm-fringed Ahé atoll to enjoy the marvelous swimming.

Underwater sight-seeing in Ahé's lagoon was perfect. Fantastic coral formations looked like castles and gardens in a wonderland. A diver's face mask revealed all their beauty.

Crew members floating face down surveyed a panorama of colorful vegetable and animal life. To explore the coral grottoes, they dived deep and long.

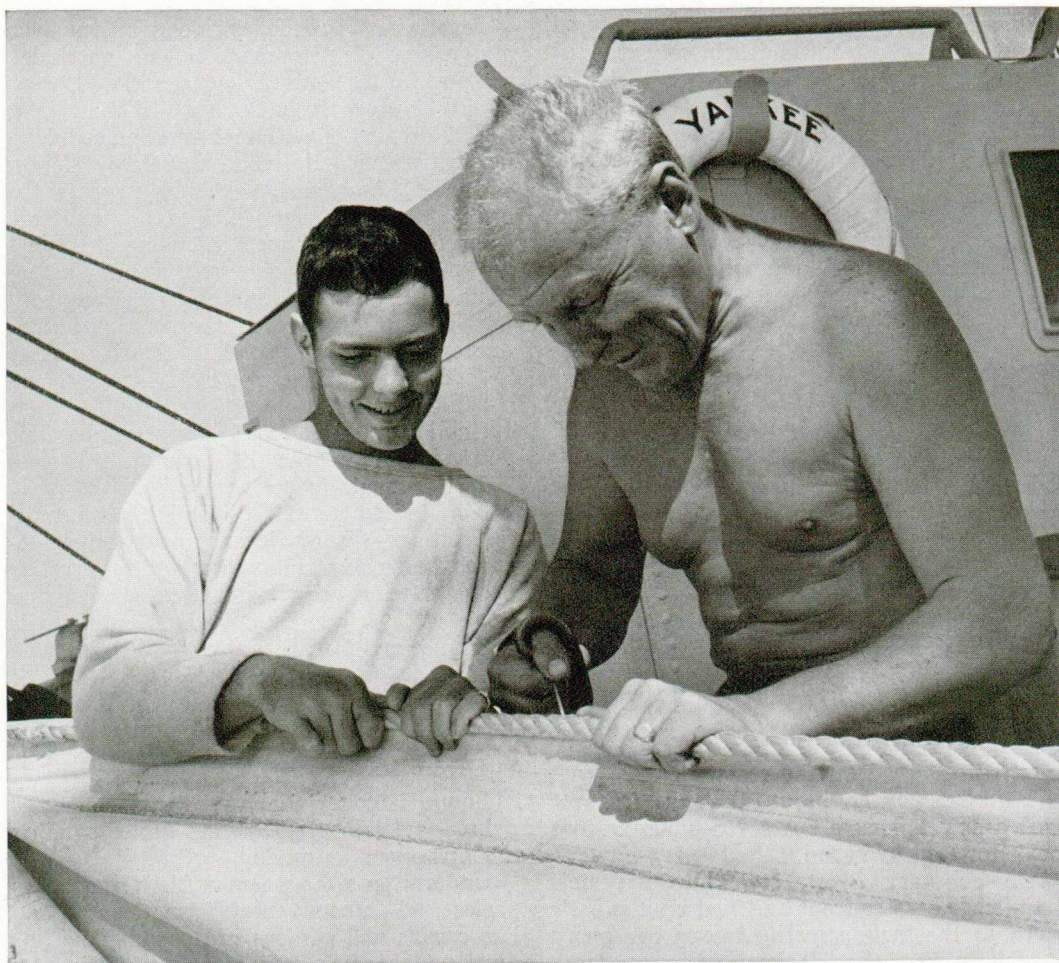
On the 2,600-mile run to Honolulu, squalls beset nearly every watch. Night and day we were in and out of oilskins, opening and closing skylights, dousing fisherman and jib top.

Tall masts traced wide arcs through the sky. To avoid falling out of our bunks when the ship rolled, we propped up the edges of mattresses.

By easing the mainsheet a bit, we learned that *Yankee* could take a moderate gale under full mainsail. Proving her North Sea pedigree, she gloried in the trial, driving through the seas at ten knots. On her best day she ran 200 miles; she averaged 160.

Frequently we wondered how the Polynesians had made this run in their 100-foot double canoes hundreds of years before Captain Cook discovered the Hawaiian Islands.

In Honolulu, Woody Brown gave us the answer. Brown, once a champion glider pilot,



Irving Johnson

Jack Braidwood, the Second Mate, Gives Hazard Campbell a Sewing Lesson

"Braid," a Canadian veteran of sail, plies the sailor's needle. With a leather-and-metal palm, employed like a housewife's thimble, he pushes waxed sail twine through the fisherman staysail and its bolt rope.

has constructed a 40-foot replica of the old catamarans.

Invited for a sail, *Yankee's* officers jumped at the chance.

We found both canoes decked over watertight, like submarines. Each was deep enough to permit us to stand nearly upright. Four below-deck bunks surprised us.

A flat section shaped like an airplane wing bridged the twin hulls. On it we lay stripped to swimming trunks. Brown hoisted the sail.

As we skimmed past Waikiki and Diamond Head, our host said, "This is nothing yet. Wait until we get out in the channel."

"If we go any faster, we'll take off," replied Steve Johnson, grabbing a lifeline.

Indeed, the catamaran at times did take off, leaping airborne from crest to crest. We figured her top speed at 25 knots.

Bigger and better catamarans still to come promise a bright future for an old-new sport.

Thrill-exhausted, like kids fresh off a roller coaster, we were glad we had *Yankee* and not an open catamaran for the remainder of our voyage.

Yankee Halfway Home

In Honolulu, half the globe separates us from Brixham.

In Singapore we are going to send Arthur back to the States for stiffer schooling. Robert, our younger son, will take his place on board.

Ahead of *Yankee* then lie the romantic ports of the Orient, the stormy Cape of Good Hope, and salty Gloucester.

We pinch ourselves to see if we are dreaming and ask: Can this be work?